

We Wish You A Happy and Prosperous New Year

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EX-COUNTY TREASURER TAKES HASTY LEAVE FOR PARTS UNKNOWN

Grand Jury Indicts Ames on Two Counts--On Charges of Embezzlement and Withholding of Public Funds

FAILS TO CONSIDER THE CASE OF DEPUTY PRICE

Bondsmen Seize Personal Property Contained in Summer Cottage at Lake Catherine and Remove it for Safe Keeping--Other Late Developments

As was stated in our last issue, the grand jury was called to convene on Friday last to take up the county treasurer shortage matter. The state's attorney had issued subpoenas by the county clerk. The bondsmen appeared at the court house in a body when like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the news that Fred Ames was gone, whither, how and when no one knew.

The popular belief, when the flight became known, was that Ames, terror-stricken at the possible outcome of a grand jury investigation, and not knowing what would become of him in view of his admitted shortage of over \$12,000 overdrawn on salary and allowance, and fearing acutely that when the grand jury finished he would be indicted, face trial, and possibly, if found guilty, have to go to prison, weakened at the prospect and fled.

It is said by a few of Ames' friends that the missing treasurer may have vanished simply for the time being, and may surrender at the opening of the March term of court, stand trial, and make a hard fight for his liberty. Up to the last moment he protested his innocence of dishonesty and would not admit a shortage of a cent over \$12,000.

It is now quite generally believed among his friends that he realized that, following an indictment and the issuance of a capias carrying a heavy bond demand if he were to be arrested he could not supply the needed bonds and would have to go to jail. Rather than face the prospect of being in the Lake county jail, which can be seen right from the windows of his former office, he left, his friends say. They also say he probably directed his attorneys how to proceed after he is located and that his affairs will go on as though he were here.

The larger element scoffs at this story and says that he will never return, that he went when the going is good and that he will remain wherever he is.

The jury, as was expected, returned two indictments against him for alleged embezzlement and held him responsible for the entire shortage.

The action is sensational, as following the example of the reports of Young & Company it falls in way of indictment to consider the case of Lewis C. Price, against whom Ames leveled charges of being responsible for all but \$12,000 of the shortage. In fact it is reported that Price was not even considered and that his name was not mentioned, save by accident, that he is regarded as an innocent man to all appearances.

Price was present in the court room, having come from St. Paul and was summoned before the grand jury. So were some score and a half Antioch residents.

Immediately following the report of the grand jury Judge Donnelly proceeded to issue two capias for Ames; one for embezzlement and the other for withholding funds. The amount of bonds in each case was fixed at \$10,000. Circuit Clerk Brockway issued them Friday afternoon.

Late Friday afternoon States' Attorney Ralph Dady appeared before the board of supervisors and asked authorization to employ two detectives to locate Ames. The board gave the authorization and appointed a special committee, Supervisors Demorest and Ficke, to go to Chicago, hire two

Pinkertons, and assign them to seek Ames the work over.

Thus begins the most sensational hunt in the history of Lake county.

The final report of the auditors which has been the cause of much speculation was delivered as promised and while no new shortages were disclosed and no new people were implicated in the treasury shortage, the recommendations made by the auditors in regard to not one but most of the county offices served to reveal the need of a drastic change of method in conducting the public business.

Not once did the final report mention the name of Lewis C. Price, the deputy county treasurer under Ames, and it is more apparent now than ever that Ames is to be dealt with alone by the county, and that Ames himself deal with Price.

The feature of the audit is its lucidity with regard to the affairs of every office in the court house, and a flood of light is cast on the manner in which the people's business is transacted, in many cases recommendations being made for changes.

For instance, the report says in regard to the methods in the office of the county treasurer that no proper cash book was kept, that the till book was inaccurate and valueless, that the general cash book was brought down to date but once a year and was valueless as a record for this reason, that the records are inadequate, and that it is hard to get at the exact condition of the accounts. The auditors then state that they were amazed at the conditions that they found, and at the apparent laxity and carelessness of method.

The report is an exceedingly bulky typewritten document covering over fifty pages, but the main portion con-

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WOMAN DIES FROM BURNS IN EXPLOSION

Mrs. Joe Plonien, whose home is on the south side of Druce's Lake, succumbed Saturday evening at 4 o'clock in McAlister hospital as a result of the burns sustained a week ago last Wednesday in her home following the explosion of a gasoline stove. The coroner's jury gave a verdict Sunday of accidental death.

Mrs. Plonien was alone in her kitchen when the explosion occurred while she was lighting the fire preparatory to getting breakfast. Her husband and son were in the barn while another son was still in bed. They heard the explosion and ran to the house to find room enveloped in flames and the woman lying upon the floor terribly burned. She was hurried outside and neighbors joined in extinguishing the flames. Then the victim was hurried to McAlister hospital where she was cared for and for a time it was felt she would survive but she lost her senses a few days ago and it was then apparent she could not survive.

Mrs. Plonien is survived by her husband and five children, Bert of Waukegan, Ed, Victor, Joe, and Charles.

Funeral was held Tuesday at 1 o'clock from the home of her son Bert, 101 Low avenue, of that city, burial in Oakwood. The Plonien family formerly lived in Volo. Mrs. Plonien was the daughter of J. P. Schred.

TROLLEY CRASH FATAL

Benjamin Hogan Dies of Injuries Received in Accident Saturday Night

BOTH CARS ARE BURNED

Passenger and Work Car on Chicago & Milwaukee Collide--Twenty-five People are Injured

Motorman Benjamin Hogan, of the wrecked passenger car, died at Jane McAlister hospital Monday night and the inquest was held at the Larsen and Conrad undertaking rooms Tuesday, the jury finding a verdict to this effect:

"That the man came to his death in a collision between car known as line car on the C. & M. electric in charge of Conductor Axel Roberg and a passenger car extra No. 142 on the C. & M. at a point 400 feet north of the naval training station and from the evidence we find:

"That said car known as line car and extra passenger car 142 had equal rights on the tracks and that Roberg of said line car is blamed for not protecting the rear end of said line car.

"Second, we find that car 142, run by Hogan, being a special car, had no special right of way and that it did not use extra precaution in guarding the front end of his car."

The funeral of Hogan will be held on Friday with interment in Mill Creek cemetery.

Mrs. Hogan, who is a bride of less than a year, and who is a member of an old and respected Waukegan family, is prostrated with grief.

Hogan was the only son of Michael Hogan, an old and highly respected resident of Newport township and proprietor of the general store at Rosecrans, and prior to accepting the position as motorman on the electric road was employed by the grocery firm of Hoffman Bros. in Waukegan. He was a young man of sterling qualities and will be missed by a host of friends in Waukegan and elsewhere. He leaves besides his young wife a father and mother and two sisters.

In the dusk near 4:40 Saturday afternoon a passenger car on the Chicago & Milwaukee electric road crashed into the rear end of a line repair car at a point two blocks north of the naval training station depot, just south of North Chicago and between twenty and twenty-five people were hurt, one fatally. Both cars were headed south. The line car was at a stand still.

The line car was picking up two

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT)

SUSPECTED MURDER IN DEATH

Finger Marks found on Woman's Throat and Suspicion is Aroused

DEATH IS HEART DISEASE

Mrs. Cunningham of Libertyville Dies and Rumor of Murder is Circulated, Causing Intense Excitement

Where, in a Libertyville case, murder was suspected following a death, one day last week coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the woman in the case had come to her death through heart disease and that the finger prints found on her throat were caused by the efforts of the husband to get her to the bed when the attack overcame her, the woman being a semi-idiot.

A coroner's inquest was called at Libertyville to inquire into the mysterious death of a Mrs. Cunningham, who resided just east of the electric depot in that city.

It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, have had considerable trouble, it is alleged, in the past few months, owing to the fact that the husband wished to go back to his former home, while his wife would reside in Libertyville. They have lived alone in their little house for several years, and as long as the subject of moving was left alone they got along all right. Whenever that subject was broached, there was trouble in the house which often resulted in blows.

One night last week rather late in the evening, one of the neighbors heard piercing screams for help coming from the little house, and running toward the house, he saw the man come from the place, and immediately the loud screams ceased.

The neighbor accosted the man and asked him what the trouble was in his home, and Mr. Cunningham replied that his wife had just died. The two men went back into the house and there upon the floor in the living room was the woman lying on the floor on her hands and knees, stone dead. It is claimed that there were several marks of fingers upon her throat, and the posture of the woman led to the belief that she was forced to her knees and then choked to death.

The coroner was summoned and the inquest was held later. Sentiment in the village seemed to point an accusing finger at the husband as he had been known when in the heat of controversy to threaten the life of his wife. Mr. Cunningham is 60 years of age and his wife 50. They have no children residing at home.

PRICE FILES CHARGES AGAINST ATTORNEY FOR MISREPRESENTATION

Takes Steps to Reclaim Property Which was Turned Over to Attorneys Representing Ames

WAS TOLD SHORTAGE EXISTED DURING HIS TERM

Bill in Mild Language Hints at Blackmail, False Statements and Coercion--Attorney Makes Statement Regarding the Charges Made Against Him

As an echo to the shortage charges against former County Treasurer Fred E. Ames, a bill has been filed in the circuit clerk's office at the court house whereby Lewis C. Price, onto whose shoulders Ames tried to place all the blame for the defalcation, seeks to recover his property which he turned over to Orvis & Beaubien, the attorneys for Ames in the matter.

It will be recalled that when the news of the shortage at the court house first came out the rumors connected the name of Price with the shortage as well as that of Ames. This report, it is said, was prompted by a hope to turn the suspicions of the public from the person of Ames onto that of Price. Then when it was announced that Price had turned over his property to the attorneys his guilt was accepted by many as an assured fact.

Then the report of the auditors was made to the supervisors at their December meeting, the wonder was that the name of Price was not in any way mentioned in connection with the shortage. It was found that there was a deficit in the accounts of Ames to the amount of about \$27,000, and then later came the news that Ames had left the city, and then followed the indictment of the jury, charging Ames with embezzlement, and unlawful withholding of funds.

Now Mr. Price has filed a bill to recover the property which he turned over to Orvis & Beaubien, claiming the signature to the deeds was obtained by misrepresentation of the facts in the case and by threats of extradition and prosecution. The bill in substance sets forth the following facts:

Price was elected to the office of county treasurer in 1902, and served for four years, after which he was succeeded by Ames. Up to two months ago he lived in Waukegan continuously, at that time moving with his family to St. Paul, where he engaged in business.

On the 23rd of November, the bill states, he was called upon at his store in St. Paul by Attorney Alex. Beaubien of Waukegan, who asked him to walk

down the street with him, and have a drink as he had something of importance to say to him. Price consented to go with him, and they took a table in a secluded corner of a saloon in St. Paul, and there Beaubien, the bill alleges, told him of the audit of the county books, and also told Price that a shortage of \$4,000 had been found in the books kept by Price as county treasurer.

Price asked him how the books of Ames had come out, and Beaubien is alleged to have replied that they were all right, and no other shortage than the \$4,000 had been found.

Then, according to the bill, Beaubien produced a roll of papers, and announced that he would serve the paper upon Price unless Price would sign other papers which Beaubien had in his pocket and also deed all his property over to J. K. Orvis, the partner of Beaubien.

Price, ignorant of the state of affairs in this county, and thinking that the words of Beaubien might be true, signed papers which gave to Orvis the property in lots 1 and 2 block 12 in the northwest addition to the town of Little Fort, and also several tracts of land in Waukegan. The deeds signed were taken by Beaubien, it is alleged, who took them to Mrs. Price, who was in Waukegan at the time, and by "threats" and misrepresentations, induced her to sign the deeds also. These deeds were filed in the recorder's office on November 25.

Now that the report of the auditors has been turned in and there was no shortage which was charged at the door of Mr. Price, he on his return to Waukegan on Friday last made out deeds which would return the property to Price and took them to Mr. Orvis to sign. This Mr. Orvis refused to do. In addition, the bill says Mr. Orvis has raised the rent to the tenants on the property turned over, and has tried to collect a part of the rent in advance. The tenants were notified that they would have to pay their rent to Mr. Orvis in the future, and that advance rent was already due.

The bill was filed by W. C. Upton and the firm of Cooke, Pope & Pope. While careful in the language used, the bill hints time and again of blackmail, false statements and coercion, which if they were proven against the attorney involved would mean disbarment, it is said.

Attorney Beaubien, when seen by a reporter, said: "The fact that Price turned over his property is the strongest refutation of the charges he makes me. I have not read the bill filled at the court house."

ANNUAL INSURANCE MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Millburn Mutual Insurance Company will be held in the lower room of the Masonic Hall at Millburn, Illinois, on Saturday January 7th, 1911, at 10:30 A. M. to receive the official report of the Company, to attend to any other business that may properly be brought before the meeting, for the election of all officers. A full attendance is desired.

John A. Thain, Sec.

For Circuit Judge

I am a candidate for the office of Circuit Judge to fill the vacancy now existing. The support of the voters of the judicial district will be gratefully appreciated.

Chas. Whitney.

WILLIAM R. PARKS MAY FACE TRAIL ON CHARGE OF BIGAMY

Wife Who Was Formerly Mrs. Nettie G. Card of Kankakee, is a Resident of Antioch Township

The Waukegan papers of Wednesday and Thursday issues are the means of spreading broadcast another story of somewhat sensational turn that has as one of its principal participants a resident of our community.

The story has to do with the doings of William R. Smith, otherwise known as "William R. Parks," and goes on to relate his matrimonial ventures which, according to them, has been the cause of his "undoing."

As the story is printed he is in jail at Aurora awaiting transportation to Geneva where it is said that he will face trial on the charge of bigamy.

It is stated that one of his wives was Mrs. Nettie G. Card formerly of Kankakee, where she resided at the time of their marriage. Her story as she is quoted in the Waukegan papers is as follows:

"My first husband's people the Cards were living at Greenacre farm, near Antioch, and I often wanted my husband, whom I knew as W. R. Smith, to go there to visit but he wouldn't; finally

he gave in and did go. One day a business man who had had something to do with my first husband's property, called me in and told me that my husband's real name was 'W. R. Parks.'

"Of course I called my husband to account. He told me that he had been legally divorced from his first wife and that when he went to Kankakee he took the name W. R. Smith because he wanted to forget the old name. He said he didn't know he was doing anything wrong and I don't think he did.

"Finally I bought a little summer store at Loon Lake near Antioch. I run it only for the tourist trade and close it up in the winter. I suggested to my husband about three months ago that he go get a job at the ice house. That's the last I saw of him.

A few weeks ago through a private detective agency I found that he was in Aurora. I went there and went to his home and found that the family was moving to a farm. I learned from a neighbor woman that he was married again

ANTIOCH NEWS

A. B. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

The Courage of Captain Plum

By
JAMES
OLIVER
CURWOOD

Illustrations by Magnus G. Kettner

(Copyright 1908 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Nathaniel Plum of the sloop Typhoon, lands secretly on Beaver Island, stronghold of the Mormons. Obadiah Price, Mormon counselor, confronts him, tells him he is expected, and bargains for the ammunition aboard the sloop. He binds Nat by a solemn oath to deliver a package to Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. Near Price's cabin Nat sees the frightened face of a young woman who disappears in the darkness, leaving an odor of lilacs. It develops that Nat's visit to the island is to demand settlement of the king, Strang, for the loss of his sloop by Mormons. Price shows Nat the king's palace, and through a window he sees the lady of the lilacs, who Price says is the king's seventh wife. Calling at the king's office Nat is warned by a young woman that his life is in danger. Strang professes indignation when he hears Nat's grievance and promises to punish the guilty. Nat rescues Nell, who is being publicly whipped, and the king orders the sheriff, Arbor Croche, to pursue and kill the two men. Plum learns that Marion, the girl of the lilacs, is Nell's sister. The two men plan to escape on Nat's sloop and take Marion and Winsome, daughter of Arbor Croche, and sweetheart of Nell. Nat discovers that the sloop is gone. Marion tells him that his ship has been seized by the Mormons. She begs him to leave the island, telling him that nothing can save her from Strang, whom she is doomed to marry. Plum finds Price raving mad in a dungeon. He orders him to leave the island, but he is killed. Nat and Marion are summoned to the castle by Strang. Nat kills Arbor Croche, and after a desperate fight with the king, leaves him for dead. The avenging host from the mainland descends on St. James. Nell and Nat take a part in the battle and the latter is wounded. Strang, whom Nat thought he had killed, orders him thrown into a dungeon. He finds Nell a fellow prisoner. They overhear the Mormon jury deciding their fate. A brilliant faller brings the prisoners word of Winsome and Marion.

CHAPTER XI.

"The Straight Death."

Hands were fumbling with the chain at the dungeon door.

It opened and Jeekum's ashen face shone in the candle-light. For a moment his frightened eyes rested on the two men still standing in their last embrace of friendship. A word of betrayal from them and he knew that his own doom was sealed.

He came in, followed by four men. One of them was MacDougall, the king's whipper. In the corridor were other faces, like ghostly shadows in the darkness. Only MacDougall's face was uncovered. The others were hidden behind white masks. The men uttered no sound, but ranged themselves like specters in front of the door, their cocked rifles swung into the crooks of their arms. There was a triumphant leer on MacDougall's lips as he and the faller approached. As the whipper bound Nell's hands behind his back he hissed in his ear:

"This will be a better job than the whipping, damn you!"

Nell laughed.

"Hear that, Nat?" he asked, loud enough for all in the cell to hear. "MacDougall says this will be a better job than the whipping. He remembers how I thrashed him once when he said something to Marion one day."

Nell was as cool as though acting his part in a play. His face was flushed, his eyes gleamed fearlessly defiant. And Nathaniel, looking from under whose feet had been swept all hope of life, felt a twinge of shame at his own nervousness. MacDougall grew black with passion at the taunting reminder of his humiliation and tightened the things about Nell's wrists until they cut into the flesh.

"That's enough, you coward!" exclaimed Nathaniel, as he saw the blood start. "Here—take this!"

Like lightning he struck out and his fist fell with crushing force against the side of the man's head. MacDougall toppled back with a hollow groan, blood spurting from his mouth and nose. Nathaniel turned coolly to the four rifles leveled at his breast.

"A pretty puppet to do the king's commands!" he cried. "If there's a man among you let him finish the work!"

Jeekum had fallen upon his knees beside the whipper.

"Great God!" he shrieked. "You've killed him! You've staved in the side of his head!"

There was a sudden commotion in the corridor. A terrible voice boomed forth in a roar.

"Let me in!"

Strang stood in the door. He gave a single glance at the man gasping and bleeding in the mud. Then he looked at Nathaniel. The eyes of the two men met unflinching. There was no hatred now in the prophet's face.

"Captain Plum, I would give a tenth of my kingdom for a brother like you!" he said calmly. "Here—I will finish the work." He went boldly to the task, and as he tied Nathaniel's arms behind him he added: "The vicissitudes of war, Captain Plum. You are a man—and can appreciate what they sometimes mean!"

A few minutes later, gagged and bound, the prisoners fell behind two of the armed guards and at a command from the king, given in a low tone to Jeekum, marched through the corridor and up the short flight of steps that led out of the jail. To Nathaniel's astonishment there was no light to guide them. Candles and lights had been extinguished. What words he heard were spoken in whispers. In the deep shadow of the prison wall a third guard joined the two ahead and like automata they strode through the gloom with slow, measured step, their rifles held with soldierly precision. Nathaniel glanced over his shoulder and saw three other white masked faces a dozen feet away. The king remained behind.

He shuddered and looked at Nell. His companion's appearance was almost startling. He seemed half a head taller than himself, yet he knew that he was shorter by an inch or two; his shoulders were thrown back, his chin held high, he kept step with the guards ahead. He was marching to his death as coolly as though on parade.

Nathaniel's heart beat excitedly as they came to where the scrub of the forest met the plain. They were taking the path that led to Marion's! Again he looked at Nell. There was no change in the fearless attitude of Marion's brother, no lowering of his head, no faltering in his step. They passed the graves and entered the opening in the forest where lay Marion's home, and as once more the sweet odor of lilacs came to him, awakening within his soul all those things that he had tried to stifle that he might meet death like a man, he felt himself weakening, until only the cloth about his mouth restrained the moaning cry that forced itself to his lips. If he had possessed a life to give he would have sacrificed it gladly then for a word with the Mormon king, a last prayer that death might be meted to him here, where eternity would come to him with his glazing eyes fixed to the end upon the home of his beloved, and where the sweetness of the flower that had become a part of Marion herself might soothe the pain of his final moment on earth.

His heart leaped with a hope as a sharp voice from the rear commanded a halt. It was Jeekum. He came up out of the darkness from behind the rear guard, his face still unmasked, and for a few moments was in whispered consultation with the guards ahead. Had Strang, in the virulence of that hatred which he concealed so well, conceived of this spot to give added torment to death? It was the poetry of vengeance! For the first time Nell turned toward his companion. Each read what the other had guessed. Nell, who was nearest to the whispering four, turned suddenly toward them and listened. When he looked at Nathaniel again it was with a slow negative shake of his head.

Jeekum returned quickly and placed himself between them, seizing each by an arm, and the forward guards, pivoting to the left, set off at their steady pace across the clearing. As they entered the denser gloom of the forest on the farther side Nathaniel felt the faller's fingers tighten about his arm, then relax—and tighten again. A gentle pressure held him back and the guards in front gained half a dozen feet. In a low voice Jeekum called for those behind to fall a few paces to the rear.

Then came again the mysterious working of the man's fingers on Nathaniel's arm.

Was Jeekum signaling to him? He could see Nell's white face still turned stoically to the front. Evidently nothing had occurred to arouse his suspicions. If the maneuvering of Jeekum's fingers meant anything it was intended for him alone. Action had been the manna of his life. The possibility of new adventure, even in the face of death, thrilled him. He waited, breathless—and the strange pressure came again, so hard that it hurt his flesh.

There was no longer a doubt in his mind. The king's sheriff wanted to speak to him.

And he was afraid of the eyes and ears behind.

The fingers were cautioning him to be ready—when the opportunity came. The path widened and through the thin treetops above their heads the starlight filtered down upon them. The leading guards were 20 feet away. How far behind were the others?

A moment more and they plunged into deep night again. The figures ahead were mere shadows. Again the fingers dug into Nathaniel's arm, and pressing close to the sheriff he bent down his head.

A low, quick whisper fell in his ear. "Don't give up hope! Marion—Winsome!"

The sheriff jerked himself erect without finishing. Hurried footsteps had come close to their heels. The rear guards were so near that they could have touched them with their guns. Had some spot of lesser gloom ahead betrayed the prisoner's bowed head and Jeekum's white face turned to it? There was a steady pressure on Nathaniel's arm now, a warning, frightened pressure, and the hand that made it trembled. Jeekum feared the worst—but his fear was not greater than the chill of disappointment that came to smother the excited beating of Nathaniel's heart. What had the faller meant to say? What did he know about Marion and Winsome, and why had he given birth to new hope in the same breath that he mentioned their names?

His words carried at least one conviction. Marion was alive despite her brother's somber prophecies. If she had killed herself the sheriff would not have coupled her name with Winsome's in the way he had.

Nathaniel's nerves were breaking with suspense. He stifled his breath

to listen, to catch the faintest whisper that might come to him from the white faced man at his side. Each passing moment of silence added to his desperation. He squeezed the sheriff's hand in his arm, but there was no responding signal; in a patch of thick gloom that almost concealed the figures ahead he pressed near to him and lowered his head again—and Jeekum pushed him back fiercely, with a low curse.

They emerged from the forest and the clear starlight shone down upon them. A little distance off lay the lake in shimmering stillness. Nathaniel looked boldly at the sheriff now, and as his glance passed beyond him he was amazed at the change that had come over Nell. The young man's head was bowed heavily upon his breast, his shoulders were hunched forward, and he walked with a listless, uneven step. Was it possible that his magnificent courage had at last given way?

A hundred steps farther they came to the beach and Nathaniel saw a boat at the water's edge with a single figure guarding it. Straight to this Jeekum led his prisoners. For the first time he spoke to them aloud. "One in front, the other in back," he said.

For an instant Nathaniel found himself close beside Nell and he prodded him sharply with his knee. His companion did not lift his head. He made no sign, gave no last flashing comradeship with his eyes, but climbed into the bow of the boat and sat down with his chin still on his chest, like a man lost in stupor.

Nathaniel followed him, scarcely believing his eyes, and sat himself in the stern, leaning comfortably against the knees of the man who took the



"Don't Give Up Hope—Marion—Winsome—"

tiller. He felt a curious thrill pass through him when he discovered a moment later that this man was Jeekum. Two men seized the oars amidships. A fourth, with his rifle across his knees, sat facing Nell.

For the first time Nathaniel found himself wondering what this voyage meant. Were they to be rowed far down the shore to some secret fastness where no other ears would hear the sound of the avenging rifles, and where, a few inches under the forest mold, their bodies would never be discovered? Each stroke of the oars added to the remoteness of this possibility. The boat was heading straight out to sea. Perhaps they were to meet a less terrible death by drowning, an end which, though altogether unpleasant, held something comforting in it for Captain Plum. Two hours passed without pause in the steady labor of the men at the oars. In those hours not a word was spoken. The two men amidships held no communication. The guard in the bow moved a little now and then only to relieve his cramped limbs. Nell was absolutely motionless, as though he had ceased to breathe. Jeekum uttered not a whisper.

It was his whisper that Nathaniel waited for, the signaling clutch of his fingers, the sound of his breath close to his ears. Again and again he pressed himself against the sheriff's knees. He knew that he was understood, and yet there came no answer. At last he looked up, and Jeekum's face was far above him, staring straight and unseeing into the darkness ahead. His last spark of hope went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Iodine for Wounds.

Professor Reclus at the last meeting of the Academy of Medicine of Paris said in every ambulance, train, railway station or big contract works there should be a flask of fresh tincture or iodine—one part iodine crystals to nine parts alcohol—which should be renewed every week. Paint the fresh flesh wound freely with French strength tincture of iodine. Let it dry. Then cover with aseptic cotton and bandage. On the evening of next day repeat, and bandage as before. And thereafter paint at still longer intervals until it is not repainted for three or four days. Reclus says French tincture of iodine over eight days old is N. G., and irritating. Fresh tincture smartly only a little bit. This method is a veritable revolution to ambulance bad-hand cases, for it is simply hell to the patient to clean off and sterilize a dirty, firmy, greasy, badly mashed hand, fingers or thumb. Here the iodine does the work like a flash of sunlight.

Another Glory of Ocala.

The honor of introducing grapefruit to the world belongs to Ocala. They were served 40 years ago to the guests of the Ocala house, and were first shipped to the markets by Mr. James A. Harris, who was known for a long time as the "orange king."—Ocala Banner.

ENGINEERS ARE FIRM

WAGE DISPUTE WITH RAILROAD MANAGERS IS NEARING CRISIS.

BREAK IN TRUCE PROBABLE

While Only Trifling Percentage in Pay Schedule Separates Parties, Other Matters of Grave Import Prevent Arbitration.

Chicago.—The wage controversy between managers of 61 western, northern and southern railroads and their locomotive engineers has reached a critical stage and it was admitted Friday that it would cause no great surprise if negotiations were abruptly broken off and a strike called.

None of the parties to the controversy—the board of railway managers, Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the brotherhood, or Mediator Charles B. Nell—would say anything touching on the situation.

Elsewhere it was learned, however, that despite the fact that only a trifling percentage of the present wage schedule separated them, each side saw in the efforts of the other matter of grave import which overshadowed the mere dollars and cents involved, and hence each was unwilling to come farther. It was learned that both sides had advanced closer to a compromise than they were when Mediator Nell was called in. Then the engineers were asking an approximate increase in wages of 15 per cent, and the railroads were offering approximately 9½ per cent.

It was unofficially admitted this difference had been cut more than in half. However, the suggestion of the railroads that the whole matter go to arbitration under the Erdman act stored up new trouble, it was said.

The engineers were said to be willing for arbitration, but only on the existing differences. Here the matter stands, with likelihood, of a break in any direction at any time.

TAKEN AS MURDER SUSPECT

Henry W. Morris, Arrested for Slaying Woman, Is Threatened With Lynching at Aurora, Ill.

Aurora, Ill.—Henry W. Morris, for whom search has been made on suspicion that he was the assassin of Mrs. Stella Dumas, who was shot and killed in Montgomery, Ill., was arrested in the attic of his home in Plano Friday and brought here.

Morris admits he killed Mrs. Dumas but claims he shot her in self-defense. He wrested the gun from her and then shot her, he says. To prove his contention he showed a bullet wound on the side of his head and a bullet hole in the rim of his hat which he claims were made by Mrs. Dumas when she shot at him. He would give no account of himself since the murder of Mrs. Dumas. He was hungry and careworn and made no resistance.

Morris attempted to commit suicide on the way from the jail to the hospital by taking a tablet supposed to be poison. The effects of the drug was said to be apparent when he reached the hospital and antidotes were administered.

A crowd of 500 men gathered in front of the city hall when it was learned that Morris had been caught. Threats of lynching were heard and the police to escape the mob took their captive direct to St. Charles hospital in an automobile.

SAYS HE STARTED BIG FIRE

Man Gives Himself Up to Philadelphia Policemen and Confesses to Arson.

Philadelphia.—A foreigner giving his name as John Karnego, walked up to a policeman Friday near the scene of Wednesday night's fire, in which 14 lives were lost, and, pointing to a picture of the burned building in a newspaper, told the policeman that he had set fire to the place. Karnego said he had formerly been employed at the leather factory and had been discharged. Three weeks ago he applied for reinstatement, but was refused.

Fear Aviator Is Lost.

London, England.—No news has come of the fate of Cecil S. Grace, the American-born aviator who disappeared in the fog Thursday while attempting a return flight from Calais, France, to Dover. It is feared that he fell into the North sea. A fleet of motor cars was out to search the east coast of England, while warships scattered along the shores of the North sea swept the waters with wireless inquiry concerning the airman.

Denies Hinchshaw a Parole.

Laporte, Ind.—Governor Marshall announced four paroles for prisoners in the state penitentiary Friday. To the state and the country at large more interesting is the fact that he refused to exercise clemency in the case of William E. Hinchshaw, the former preacher, serving a life sentence for violation of his parole after serving time for wife murder. The efforts made on behalf of the prisoner as well as the protests of those who opposed pardon have attracted the attention of the country for months.

MAURETANIA BREAKS RECORD

STEAMER MAKES ROUND TRIP IN TWELVE DAYS.

Ocean Greyhound Reaches Fishguard and Lands Its Passengers Amid Cheers of Crowds.

Fishguard, England.—The Mauretania has broken the journey to New York and return, having accomplished that undertaking in a race against time in 12 days.

The quick voyage across the ocean and back and the rapid taking on of cargo at New York enabling the continental passengers to reach their destinations before Christmas, is a source of the greatest satisfaction both among the passengers and those who gathered here to meet the steamer.

The harbor was ablaze with searchlights, flares and rockets. Vessels blew their whistles, sirens brayed and the crowds cheered as the Mauretania steamed in, her band playing and her decks crowded with passengers. The weather throughout the eastern voyage was favorable. By the aid of four tenders, 600 passengers and the mails were landed with the greatest expedition.

The passage of the Mauretania occupied four days, fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes. She maintained an average speed of 25.07 knots.

SUSTAIN STATE PRIMARY LAW

Illinois Supreme Court Divided as to Interpretation of Act But Hold It Valid.

Springfield, Ill.—The supreme court Wednesday held the legislative primary act providing for the nomination of members of the lower house of the legislature valid in a decision handed down in the case of Espey vs. McInerney and others.

Three opinions were handed down by the court, as the members are divided as to the interpretation of the act.

The opinion follows the decision of the court rendered verbally shortly before the election, November 8.

PEARY TO FURNISH PROOFS

Will Go Before Congress and Give Full Information of His Discovery.

Washington.—Capt. Robert E. Peary, the arctic explorer, after months of persistent refusal on the ground of interference with contracts with publishers, has promised to furnish congress with the proofs upon which he relies to support his claim of attainment of the north pole.

The assurance has been communicated indirectly to some of his advocates at the capitol in connection with the bill to reward him with a real admiralship on the staff in recognition of his arctic achievements.

SEEKS RAISE FOR CLERKS

Representative Carey Introduces Resolution to Increase Wages of Government Employees 25 Per Cent.

Washington.—Mr. Carey, Wisconsin introduced a joint resolution increasing 25 per cent. the salary or wage of government employees receiving less than \$2,500 a year. The increase to become effective March 1.

In his resolution Mr. Carey says the high cost of living has come to stay and that congress has set a bad example in increasing the salaries of legislators and high officials while neglecting the clerks.

BINGER HERMANN GOES FREE

Fraud Indictments Against Former Head of Land Office Are All Dismissed.

Portland, Ore.—All charges against Binger Hermann, former congressman and former commissioner of the general land office, growing out of the Oregon land fraud indictments, were dismissed in the federal court.

Willard J. Jones, the timber dealer and political worker, was sentenced to serve four months and to pay a fine of \$10,000.

ASKS FOR WOODMEN PROBE

Iowa Insurance Department Is Requested to Investigate Affairs of Fraternal Order.

Des Moines, Ia.—John D. Denison of Dubuque, who recently filed a request with the Illinois insurance department for an investigation into the management of the Modern Woodmen affairs, filed a request with the Iowa insurance department (the state auditor) for an investigation.

British Mine Horror Grows.

Bolton, Eng.—The disaster at the Little Hulton colliery, wrecked by an explosion that was followed by fire, is greater than at first realized. It is probable at least 360 lives were lost.

Woman Killed in Coasting.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Mrs. Louis Patterson was so seriously injured Friday that she died, and her husband, Louis Patterson, was badly hurt when the sled on which they were coasting down Jenny Lind street in McKeesport, dashed from the beaten path and struck a telegraph pole.

Minnesota Town Swept by Fire.

Madison Lake, Minn.—The business part of this town was wiped out by fire Friday. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

WAS TOO PUBLIC FOR HIM

Mild Mannered Little Man Has Very Embarrassing Experience on Street.

He was a mild-mannered little man, short, with gray hair and spectacles. It was noon on Washington street, and as usual the crowds were shoving and pushing to get somewhere. The little man was trying to worm his way through the crowds.

A well-dressed woman, accompanied by a small boy, was mixed up in the crowd. She wanted to cross the street. The boy stopped to look in a window.

The lady reached down and grasped a hand, saying: "Take my hand dear." "Not right here on the public street," she was startled to hear some one reply.

Looking down she saw that she was clasping the hand of the very inoffensive little man, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed.

"Sir!" said she, haughtily, "I don't want you; I want my son."—Boston Traveler.

AND GO AHEAD SLOWLY.



Philosopher—And now, after having reviewed all philosophy with you, there is only one law that I can lay down for your guidance.

Student—What is that?

Philosopher—When you are sure you are right, you should suspect that you are wrong.

Wants a Long Engagement. "Do you believe in long engagements?" he asked after she had consented to be his.

"Yes, dearest," she replied. "I have always thought it was such a mistake for two people to rush into matrimony before they learned to really know each other."

"Well, about how long would you wish the engagement to be?"

"Let me see. Would you think it was too long if we did not get married until a week from next Thursday?"

COLDS Cured in One Day



"I regard my cold cure as being better than a Life Insurance Policy."—MUNYON.

As a rule a few doses of Munyon's Cold Cure will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. The little sugar pellets can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket for use at any time or anywhere. Price 25 cents at any drugstore.

If you need Medical Advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail absolutely free. Address Prof. Munyon, 534 and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why Rent a Farm

and be compelled to pay to your landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these districts and bank a \$12.00 an acre every year. Land purchased 3 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently changed hands at \$22.50 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance. You can

by cattle raising, dairy, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homesteads and pre-emption areas, as well as lands held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions. Adaptable soil, healthy climate, splendid schools and churches, good railroads, for settlers, rich, desirable literature, "Last Days West," how to reach the country, and other publications, write to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

C. J. Broughton, 412 Merchants L. & F. Bldg., Chicago, W. H. Rogers, 84 So. La Salle, Chicago, Ill., or J. H. Rogers, 222 La Salle, Chicago, Ill., or J. H. Rogers, 222 La Salle, Chicago, Ill.

Free Homesteads for All in the most fertile districts in Western Canada. Railroads obtain land within a few miles of a siding at \$1.00 per acre by South African Settlers. Hold this for free literature, maps and full information, write to J. H. Rogers, 222 La Salle, Chicago, Ill., or J. H. Rogers, 222 La Salle, Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

MANY SIDES OF NEW YEAR'S



THE custom of celebrating the New Year by leaving behind, in theory at least, one's pet pernicious habit or besetting sin, may be hackneyed, but it certainly is not entirely relegated to the limbo of things forgotten or outworn. Some time New Year's day, when a quiet moment in the day's swirl offers time for thought, there will be a busy taking stock of the year that is gone, a recounting of errors and failures, a silent promise that this or that will not occur again.

And what does it all amount to, after all, this old custom of revamping threadbare resolutions or selecting new ones? The cynic will smile and say that it is all a waste of effort, a flash in the pan, a half-hearted glossing over of mistakes by words and none too sincere promises of reform. The humorist will have his little thing in cartoon and witty quip and jest. He will gurgie with the sardonic glee of Robin Goodfellow over the folly of mortals and find in every resolve new subject for laughter. From the pulpit on Sunday will sound the admonition of the minister and the moralist. They will take good resolutions seriously, and set upon them the stamp of divine approval. And whether the wry sneer of the cynic, the mocking grin of the humorist, or the approving smile of the moralist prophesy the fate of the resolutions and their maker, it will be true that even the most momentary impulses toward better things will not be entirely wasted.

There was a time when, in the simple faith of childhood, you set down in black and white your promises to do better. On the first page of your new diary, a yearly Christmas present, you wrote in your best Spencerian hand—we know none better in those days—something like this: "During this year I resolve not to lose my temper; not to be saucy at home; not to put off doing the things I dislike; to read my Bible every day." Direct, sounding blows were these on the chain mail of your besetting sins of a quick temper, a wickedly sharp little tongue, procastination, and childish irreligion. Behind closed doors, lest any one see him in so meek a moment, Brother Dick was scribbling earnestly: "I promise myself not to be late for dinner, not to forget to wash my neck and ears, not to get in debt to father for allowance, and not to play hooky a single day." Of course you failed, both you and Dick.

before the little diary had its new gilt dimmed or the soft pencilling of the latter had blurred itself into unapproachable illegibility. But the effort wasn't altogether wasted, and there were fewer fits of temper and cleaner neck and ears than would otherwise have been.

We grown-ups miss, as we get older, some of the past and gone aids to New Year's resolves. The day was once upon a time more marked by pleasant social customs. Only in officialdom is New Year's now a stately day of ceremonial. But it is not hard to recall that a decade or two ago there still survived some of the dignity and good cheer that had attached itself to the day. Before the Christmas fruit cake had all been devoured, or the stone jars of small cakes suffered too severely from the inroads of rapacious children, preparations for New Year's day were well under way.

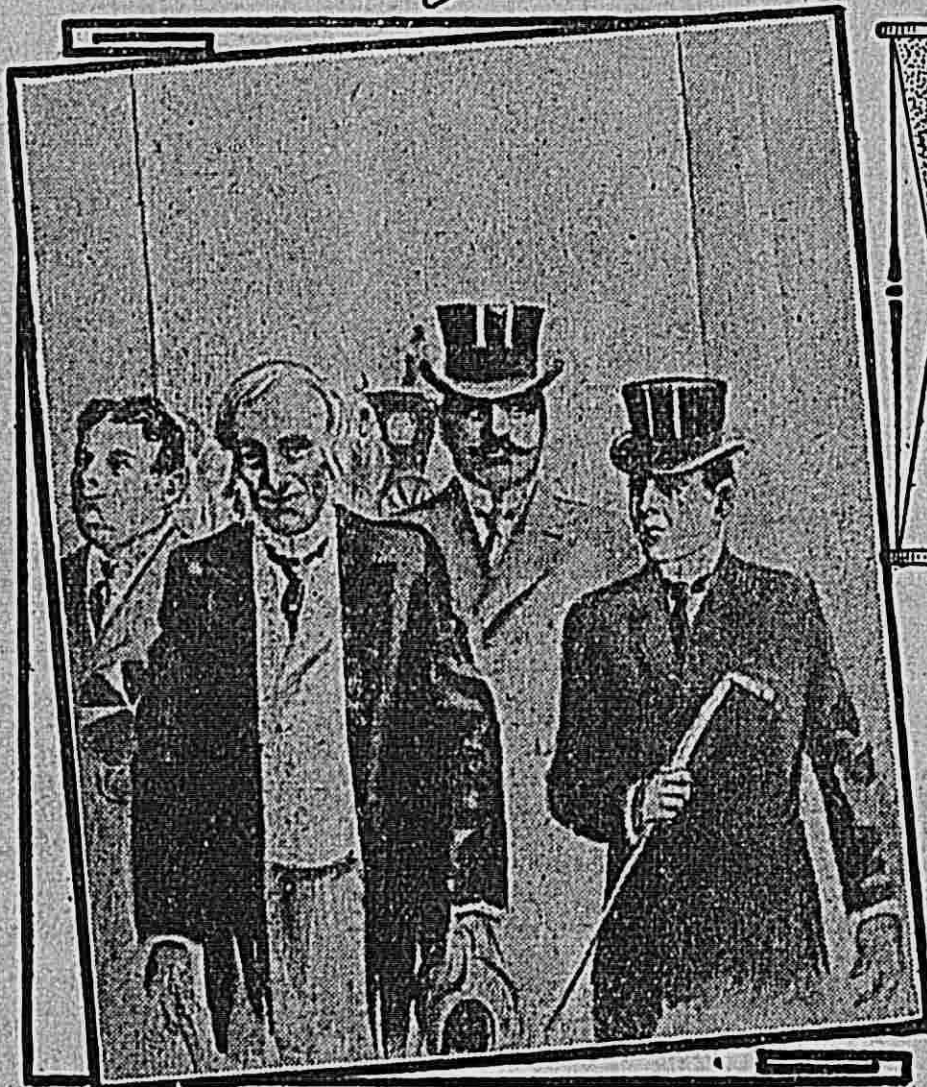
Children were not included in this celebration.

This was essentially the festival of their elders. Orders to keep from under foot were rigidly enforced, and did you wish to see the fun no place remained but the second-story landing, which gave somewhat inconspicuously upon the hall below, with a strained view of the big parlors, and none of the dining room beyond. That it was there and in full working order was evidenced by a keen sense of smell.

It was always great fun to wander up and down the principal residence streets as noon drew near, to find out who were to be at home and who were not. A basket tied to the door knob with gay red ribbons said, for all the world to hear: "We are not receiving to-day." If you were a boy and daring, later in the afternoon you stole up on the step to peep in and discover, by the number of cards within, the respective popularity of village maids and matrons. Wherever the door lacked the basket, you knew that behind the drawn shades there was the soft glow of candles or the yellow glare of gas, poor substitute for sunlight on snow, but presumably kinder to complexions and gowns just a trifle passe. And you knew that in each house, subject only to trifling variations of background, there would be enacted the same scenes.

Into the front door that opened at the first touch of the bell passed a fluctuating stream of men in holiday attire. There were elderly beaux aplenty in broadcloth that was brushed to the point of perfection, smart young dandies, sporting the newest fashion in ties; awkward beginners not quite used to the length of their frock coats—we called them Prince Alberts in the days when New Year's calls were in vogue—and a sprinkling of substantial-looking business men paying homage to the established custom of society. Everybody who was anybody in "our town" paid his devotions to the incoming year by making the rounds of his friends' homes.

Once inside, there was the neat maid or solemn butler to receive the caller's card and help him with overcoat, hat and cane, and then a dash for his hostess and her daughters and friends under the chandeliers with the prism



A FLUCTUATING STREAM OF MEN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

drops. "Happy New Year" resounded on all sides. In the course of the afternoon the indefatigable had seen all their friends, had sampled the choicest types of Christmas baking, had toasted again and again the New Year in punch of varying strength and pungency, or substituted coffee in homes where temperance principles were popular. They had said pretty things to popular dames in the stimulating atmosphere of holly and green wreaths, and had matched wits with fascinating damsels in the dangerous vicinity of mistletoe that still bonated some berries. It was all very gay, very informal, and very homey. At no other time or on no other occasion did the holiday hilarity reach so high a pitch.

"I'd like to do it all over again," is the testimony of one stately lady, whose home twenty years ago was the scene of yearly New Year's receptions. "No other social function on my calendar was such fun for the guests and so little trouble for the hostess. The decorating had been done a week before, and a few fresh flowers were all that were needed. Given bright lights, a dozen pretty girls to help entertain, the simplest cakes, and plenty of mildly exhilarating punch made from a recipe that my Kentucky grandfather declared harmless, and success was assured. When six o'clock came you had seen all the nice men of your acquaintance undisturbed by the usual influx of other women, and had sent them away at peace with the world in general and full of the spirit of neighborliness."

Meanwhile, upstairs in the library window seats curled the family small fry, watching the procession as it passed, commenting with juvenile frankness on the toilets of the callers, counting the visitors as they came, listening to the hum of voices downstairs, the girls hugging close to the eash, the boys making daring detours to "peek" through the balustrade, returning to report what young ladies were sitting on the steps with what young men, and even, in some cases, what they were saying. Longer tiptoeing prowls, down the back stairs to the lair of a friendly cook, led to quick and jubilant returns with offerings of cake and claret cup, wherewith the hours might be be-

guiled until six, when twinkling street lights warned the callers to retreat.

Not a serious way to start the New Year! No, but a friendly one, that left hostesses and callers with a glow of human friendliness to last as warmth for many a day. And if seriousness were lacking, the same decade that enjoyed New Year's calling found itself also at one with the custom of watch-night service. For, in "our town," as in yours, mayhap, it was the thing to spend the closing hours of the old year in the quiet seriousness of prayer and sacred song. Children had their share in this, for fathers and mothers had not in that simpler time learned to fear the giving of definite religious instruction to their sons and daughters. It was clear and plain that a child must be trained in the way he should go, and watch night was a part of that training.

And, indeed, no youngster ever tried to beg off. There was first of all the joy of doing the unusual and the fun of sitting up past his bedtime. So you hid yourself to the nursery couch or the sitting-room lounge, after a hot supper, an old-fashioned winter supper of sausage and fried potatoes or scalloped oysters and muffins, and took a long, long nap. At half-past ten, father waked you, tucked you into cap and overcoat, and the family party started out under the cold stars, snow crunching under foot, to the nearby church.

Not so very long ago the writer came across an old chromo, of the sort that looks, in a dim and favorable light, like a fairly decent oil painting. In its day it had doubtless been the chief ornament of a well-furnished, comfortable parlor. Now it cluttered the window of a second-hand shop, dingy and out of sorts with fate. But even in the unflattering light of a dusty show window, it had a certain charm for the one who found it. It was the picture of a watch-night service, such as she had once known so well. Bright moonlight flooded the scene, bringing out in sharpened detail the snow-laden boughs of drooping elms and the Gothic spire of a small stone church. From stained-glass windows and opened door came streaming the warm glow of shaded gas jets. From village streets rooked men and women and children, stopping to say a word of greeting as they passed into the vestibule. The spell of the picture took her, with the speed of the magic carpet or of the seven-league boots, back to the New Year's eves of her girlhood.

So she had walked with father and mother and a sleepy small brother. Just so the tree had looked in the frosty moonlight. And just as warm and sootily glowing had been the stone church, through whose open doors came the resonant strains of the great organ. She remembered with aching vividness the faces

of those who had filled the pews, especially that of one man, the governor of the state, whose aquiline profile, flashing eyes and straight, glossy black hair formed a never-to-be-forgotten personality.

Watch-night hymns have a personality of their own, as those of Christmas or Easter, if not so widely known. They are naturally serious and a bit foreboding, with a touch of the melancholy that is associated with the rapid flight of time.

The year is gone, beyond recall
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

is an old Latin hymn to a common meter tune that illustrates the tendency of this branch of hymnology. Charles Wesley has been most prolific in voicing this thought.

Wisdom ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here.

is an old favorite. Often just on the stroke of midnight another of his voiced the feelings of the congregation, that beginning:

Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise,
A solemn midnight song.



GREAT FUN TO WANDER UP AND DOWN THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE STREETS

A bit more joyful is the splendid, quaintly irregular,

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

It was easy after this to go home filled with loftiest aspirations, ready to begin the new diary with ambitious resolves that were bound to overleap themselves because of their very loftiness. There was one watch night when there drifted into the ken of the child the poem that has since meant to her, as it does to many, the very spirit of this day. From the choir gallery, just before the midnight hour, came the softened chorus of a strange melody. Then into the silence of the vaulted church rose a wonderful message in a voice that bore conviction to the listeners. It sang to the organ and the hushed accompaniment of the choir:

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild skies,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying, in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Through the whole of the splendid poem it swept, on to the triumphant conclusion:

"Ring in the Christ that is to be."

To the child the most dramatic moment of the evening came just on the stroke of the incoming year. While outside whistles blew and giant crackers exploded, bells clashed and clanged, inside hands clasped hands while together they sang the good old standby, "Blest be the tie that binds," before the hush of the benediction and the glad chorus of "Happy New Year's" that concluded the service.

There is another sort of quiet ushering in of the baby year that is conducive to the good resolve that counts so easily under favorable conditions. There were those in the old days, as there are in these, who felt that after the gala afternoon the happiest way of all was to sit quietly about the fire, chatting with half a dozen congenial spirits, singing a bit if the spirit moved, reminiscing as old times came back in the hush, and ending with the silent toast and the dash of sentiment that makes "Auld Lang Syne" the fitting song for such a moment.

That some such happy hour may begin little 1911's first appearance is the best wish one can offer to friends.

Let the auspicious morning be expressed
With a white stone distinguished from the rest.

So the stately Dryden has put the same thought. May it be true of us all.

ONE REDEEMING FEATURE

When Papa Hears It He Urges Only Son to Grab Girl Quick.

The only son had just announced to the family his engagement. "What, that girl!" remarked his mother. "Why, she squints." "She has absolutely no style," commented his sister. "Red-headed, isn't she?" asked auntie.

"I'm afraid she's flighty," was grandma's opinion.

"She hasn't any money," said uncle. "And she doesn't look strong," chimed in the first cousin.

"She's stuck up, in my opinion," assented the second cousin.

"She's extravagant," was the opinion given by the third cousin.

"Well, she's got one redeeming feature, at any rate," remarked the only son, thoughtfully.

"What's that?" chorused the charitable band.

"She hasn't a relative on earth."

Papa had not yet spoken, but now he did.

"Grab her, my boy," grab her," he said.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s, psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dust-panful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. ——— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister wouldn't give up; said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So, Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

MONEY DID IT.



"Since Boozon inherited a million I suppose he's a worse drunkard than ever."

"Oh! no. He's a dipsomaniac."

A collapsible conscience may be more comfortable than an ingrowing one, but it works as much harm.

Dr. Pierce's Peppets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Occasionally you hear some one mentioned as being a good liar.



THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1910

TRAP FOR KILLING INSECTS

Novel Method of Destroying Moths
and Other Insects Which Are
Harmful to Grapevines.

A novel method of killing moths and other insects which are harmful to grapevines has been adopted near Rheims. Posts supporting five-candle-power electric lamps were placed in the vineyards, and from each post a dish containing water, with a top layer of petroleum, was suspended. During the first night these traps were placed in three parallel rows at distances of about 200 feet from each other, the distance between each lamp being about 75 feet. On the first clear evening the current was turned on about eight o'clock and the lamps remained burning until an hour or so after midnight. Soon after the lamps were lighted the insects swarmed toward them and were rapidly killed, either by the fumes of the petroleum or by the petroleum itself. The same operation was resumed the next clear night, but the lamps of the two outside rows were placed about 25 feet closer to those of the center row, and this was repeated on each of five subsequent clear nights, so as finally to bring the three rows within about 50 feet of each other. During the succeeding six or seven clear nights the movement was reversed, in the same manner, so as to return the lamps to their position of the first night. As to the position of the lamps, numerous experiments were made during these trials, and it was proved that the greatest number of insects were killed when the petroleum dish was only a few inches above the ground.

Care of Screens.

Window and door screens usually get very dusty during the latter part of the summer, and it is poor economy to put them away in that condition; neither is it a good idea to wash them just before storing unless they are most carefully dried to prevent rusting. Kerosene applied with a paint brush cleans the wires better than water, and also prevents rusting.

An Apt Description.

"This is what I call a hand-to-mouth existence," sighed the dramatic critic as he tried to cover his yawn with his right hand for the eighteenth time during the first performance of Dull-beigh's new comic opera.—Harper's Weekly.

A Splendid Reward.

The dentist's wife was having some paper hanging done, and anxious to spur the paper hanger on to his best efforts, she said: "Now, it will be worth your while to make a nice job of this, for if I'm satisfied I'll—I'll—well, I'll get the doctor to pull a tooth for you."

He Saw Wood.

The tramp who was told to say nothing and saw wood the next morning knocked at another door but said nothing because he saw wood.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of burns, boils, piles, cuts, sores, eczema and sprains. Only 25c. at J. H. Swan.

'LOST' NOT FOR HIM

PICKING UP THINGS GETS STANDISH INTO TROUBLE.

Had Hard Time Making People Believe
in His Honesty—Wife Lays Down
Few Rules for His
Conduct.

Twice Standish came near getting into trouble because he picked up lost property in the street. The articles really were lost and Standish honestly found them, but he had hard work to make anybody believe it. After his second experience his wife laid down a few rules for his guidance:

"If you should find a million dollars piled up on the sidewalk," she said, "you must just walk right past and never offer to return one of them to the owner."

"How about keeping a few plunks for myself?" said Standish.

Mrs. Standish did not smile. "If that is the way you talked to other people when they accused you of theft," she said, "I don't wonder everybody thought you were guilty."

"Never mind," returned Standish; "it's all over now. I never expect to find anything again."

And he did not find anything for six months. At last, however, he saw an emerald cigar case lying in a bypath forth and back which they were walking in Central park. He stopped to pick it up. His wife pulled him back.

"Don't!" she cried. "Remember what happened to you twice before."

Standish rubbed his cheek ruefully. "I hate like the mischief to let it lie there," he said. "If I don't pick it up somebody else will."

"Very well, let them. If other people choose to go to jail that is their lookout."

"It is a fine cigar case all the same," Standish grumbled as they walked on. "It looks a good deal like mine."

"That is all the more reason why you should not meddle. You have no earthly use for two cigar cases exactly alike."

Standish walked along in stubborn silence. When they neared home he was seized with a sudden craving for a smoke. He felt in one pocket, then in another, for his cigar case.

"Where in the name of heaven—" he began. Then his feet lagged heavily. "Good Lord!" he said. "That cigar case—"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Standish, "haven't you got over that yet? What about it now?"

"It was mine!" Standish groaned.

"Grangers" in New York.

City folk who think that "the Grange" and "the Grangers" are obsolete expressions ought to have attended the thirty-seventh annual convention of the New York State Grange recently held in Watertown.

Organized in 1873 with 21 subordinate granges and a small membership, the State Grange has in this brief period increased to 723 granges, with nearly 90,000 members. The granges are now established in 64 of the 61 counties of the state, including practically every agricultural county.

During the last year over 8,000 new names were added to the roll. At the Watertown convention nearly 1,500 out-of-town delegates were present for at least some sessions.

"The grange is uniquely democratic in its organization," says the Survey. "Practically any farmer or farmer's wife, whether owning a farm or working on a farm, is eligible to membership. About one-third of the delegates at the state meeting were women, and not infrequently they brought their husbands as associate delegates, the women voting and the husbands merely participating in the discussions. Sometimes this was reversed.

Among other activities the grange is pre-eminently interested in the improvement of agricultural education and urges the enlargement of the State Agricultural College and a liberal appropriation therefor, as well as for the maintenance of the agricultural schools already established. The grange has established six scholarships at \$50 each at Cornell University.—New York Sun.

FRED AMES
DEPARTS FOR
PARTS UNKNOWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

sists of seventeen pages of review of the details, the rest being exhibits of tabulations of just where the shortages and deficits lie.

The auditors suggested that the county adopt a system of having a comptroller whose duty it shall be to look over the reports of each county officer each month and keep an accurate record of the same, being in position at any time to make a statement as to just how the finances stand. The comptroller should be located in the county clerk's office. The board took no action on the suggestion but the feeling is that such an office will be created as the auditors declare such a man could keep close tab on every piece of business transacted in the county offices.

Later—From stories gleaned along the line of flight, it seems that Ames left Waukegan in his automobile going south, following the line of the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric road as far as Lake Bluff.

At that point he branched off to the west, going through Roundout. A farmer named John Connell, who lives east of Roundout, reports that on the night that Ames was thought to leave Waukegan, he was called out of bed about 2 o'clock in the morning, by a loud knocking on his door. He thrust his head out the window and asked what was wanted and told that an auto with two men in it had been going too fast and was hot, and they wanted to get some water to cool the engine.

Mr. Connell hastily dressed and came down and showed the men where they could get the water, offering to carry one pail to the auto. This the men refused to allow him to do, and they kept well in the shadows, as if afraid they might be recognized. Mr. Connell, at the time, had no knowledge of the disappearance of Ames, and thought little of the incident until he was informed of the absconding of Ames from Waukegan. As near as he could remember, neither man he saw had the appearance of Ames, but as it was known that there were others in the auto at the time, it is thought that Ames was one of them, and the reason they kept Connell away from the auto was the fear that he would be recognized.

From there the auto sped to the westward, striking the Milwaukee road at Half Day. Once on that road, the auto had a straight road to Chicago, and from there to Honduras and the African and South American countries, or any other part of the world Ames might see fit to seek a hiding place.

One of the latest developments in the case now is that the bondsmen have caused the personal property which was contained in the Ames summer home at Lake Catherine, to be removed to a place where it could be closely watched, but according to Mrs. Ames a good part of this property belonged to her, in fact she claims that money earned by her self purchased and paid for much of it. On Tuesday she was in Antioch looking after her interests here.

May Teach Monkeys to Talk.

The monkey is not only more intelligent than the parrot, but is even more imitative. It is (excepting man) the only creature on earth that is capable of articulate speech. Prof. Bell believes that apes can be taught, at all events, to say a few words—at first by manipulation of their mouths and throats, as is done with the deaf born. We may live, he thinks, to hear chimpanzees talk, and with some degree of understanding of their own remarks.

Don't Advertise in Uruguay.

Hardly a single American advertisement can be found in all the newspapers, journals and other advertising mediums in Uruguay.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned having bought a farm in Wisconsin, will sell at public auction on the W. J. White farm 1 mile north of Millburn on Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1911, commencing at one o'clock sharp, the following property to-wit:

9 choice young cows, some fresh; 2 spring calves, 1 black horse, wt. 1300; 1 black mare, in foal, wt. 1300; 1 brown mare, in foal wt. 1200; 1 bay mare, in foal, wt. 1100; 1 2-year old standard bred pacing filly, 1 sucking colt, Robert S., pacer 2:21; bay gelding; 9 years old wt. 1100, best driver in the country, can pace 1 mile in 1:08, 3 brood sows, 6 pigs, 1 full blood Poland China boar, 40 chickens, 30 tons clover and alfalfa, 9 tons timothy, 5 stacks corn, Case sulkey plow, new; Case walking plow, new wooden beam, lever, drag new; riding cultivator, new; McCormick mower; new, pulverizer, wide tire wagon, narrow tire, low wheel wagon, hay rack, double box, hog crate, hard rubber tire cart, road cart, top buggy, runabout, cut under surry, buggy pole, 600 lb. scales, 20 ft. ladder, wheel barrow, cutter, gravel planks, 2 anchor posts, 10 milk cans, churn, washing machine, scythe, double driving harness, nearly new; work harness, single harness, saddle. In case of storm plenty of barn room will be provided. Usual terms. Leroy Slocom, Prop. Geo. Vogel, auctioneer.

Saved From Awful Death.

How an appalling calamity in his family was prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8. "My sister had consumption," he writes, "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her, that she has not been troubled with a cough since. Its best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhage all bronchial troubles, it has no equal, 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. H. Swan.

MUSIC AS A LIFE-SAVER

Tale From the Vasty Deep That Proves Truth of Song Warbled by Poet.

Up from the vasty deep comes a tale that proves the truth of what the poet sang when he warbled to the effect that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

The story has been delivered in New York by the crew of the bark Pallas, which was wrecked on Grand Cayman Island in the Caribbean sea during the recent tropical hurricane. When the vessel struck it was in the night, and in order to cheer up their comrades during the hours before daylight, two of the crew, who happened to be musicians, ground out tunes on a fiddle and accordion. That the performers escaped to tell the tale must be put down as a remarkable evidence of the fortitude and forgiveness on the part of the men who were facing death in watery graves.

However, no murder was done, and when day broke the natives of the island were seen hurrying to the rescue in such boats as they could command. They explained that they had heard the music and had come down to investigate the strange occurrence. The whole lot of shipwrecked men, as well as some chickens and a pig were taken ashore, and a grand barbecue with fiddle and concertina accompaniment, celebrated the rescue.

All of which points to the moral that when one goes down to the sea in a ship he should carry some producer of sweet sounds—even if nothing more than a jewsharp—along as a life preserver.

Most Nourishing Vegetable.

Onions are more nourishing than any other vegetable.

INCREASE OF CANCER DENIED

Timely Warning Against Popular
Terror Created by Mass of Liter-
ature on Subject.

Denials of any modern increase of cancer are being made by those who are competent to judge, both here and in Europe, and it is a timely warning against the popular terror which has been created by the mass of lay literature on the subject.

There is no doubt that more cases are reported since we learned how to recognize them, so that the statistic increase does not necessarily mean an actual increase.

Again, there are more people who survive early diseases and reach the "cancer age," so that there should be an actual relative increase of number of cases, but that is far from saying that a person in the cancer age is any more liable to contract that disease than were those who lived 50 years ago.

Taking into consideration all the available data, it has been decided by those who have looked into the matter exhaustively that the proportion of the population of cancer age who contract malignant disease is the same as it always has been.

A few thousand years ago, when our fighting ancestors rarely reached 45 years of age, or even 35, there were mighty few cases of cancer, but the proportion was probably the same as now. Thus vanishes another of the bugaboos due to improper study of modern medical statistics.

Ask the Grocer.

Paternalism with a vengeance is practised in certain New York groceries. It is benevolent paternalism though.

"Ma wants two pounds of sugar," said a child to a patriarch in the trade.

He consulted a calendar on the wall.

"I guess you'd better take only a pound today," he said, "and go kind of slow on that. The week is only half gone, but you have already eaten up three-fourths of your allowance. Tell your mother so."

The child promised to deliver the report on financial depression.

"That is the only way on earth to keep those people from running into debt," said the grocer. "The system is common in this neighborhood. I do it at the customers' request. Every pay day women with spendthrift husbands and an extravagant disposition of their own deposit enough money with the grocer and butcher to see the family through the week. They instruct us to let no one overdraw the amount and except in cases where extra food is actually needed we stick to our end of the bargain."

Banks On Sure Thing Now.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Sching-eck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"They cured me of chronic constipation when all other failed." Unequaled for biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, headache, chills malaria and debility. 25c at J. H. Swans.

Sweet Recollection.

"Young man, you ought to marry. A cozy home, blooming children—there is nothing happier in the world! And above all, you have the sweet recollection of the time you were a bachelor."

Such Is Faith.

Half the illnesses are got over in this world by feeling you can get over them.

Thumb Tacks in Heels.

Thumb tacks driven into the outside of the heel, where it is most likely to wear down, are the invention of a girl who was ten miles from a shoemaker. This would answer splendidly for the country, but there is danger of slipping on hardwood floors or the pavements.

SUCCUMBS
TO SPINAL
MENINGITIS

On Monday forenoon at their home at Fox Lake occurred the death of little Edith, the 22-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brompton.

The little one had been sick only about a week but so serious was her condition from the first that her life was despaired of all along. The cause of her illness was ptomaine poisoning which finally developed in spinal meningitis, causing death.

The funeral was held at the home at one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, interment being in the Hillside cemetery at this place.

The bereaved parents have the sympathy of all in their sorrow.

CARD OF THANKS

We hereby express our thanks to our friends and neighbors for their many kindnesses and sympathy to us in our hour of trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brompton.

MANY MILES OF CHAMPAGNE

Visit to Immense Caves at Rheims, Where Wine is Stored, Worth While.

Rheims is perhaps best known because of the most beautiful relic of Gothic architecture embodied in its cathedral. The town's association with the career of Joan of Arc is another link between us and it. Some may even remember the tale of its famous Jackdaw. But there are few who know Rheims as the center of the champagne trade, and the home of the most famous champagne firms in the world. If you look in the city directory you will find no less than ninety establishments for making champagne. And these are not the only inhabitants who are connected with the industry, for besides twenty firms which are employed in making the corks used, there are almost as many more who are engaged in the machinery necessary for the industry. A visit to the immense caves where the wine is stored is worth while. Some of them extend for miles into the city, and many parts are completely honeycombed with them. In order to vary the temperature they are often three stories deep under the street level, and one may descend to them by a fine flight of steps, some hundred and sixteen, which have been cut from the chalky soil. Though the caves extend for more than ten miles, they are constantly being added to. Some of the corridors named after various prominent men or cities, such as Thiers, Carnot, Washington, Paris, New York, are more than a quarter of a mile in length and lead to some two hundred large rooms. In these cellars one may expect to find rows of dusty bottles covered with cobwebs and spiders. But in this he will be disappointed, for every part is as faultlessly clean and fresh as constant care can make it. Here are often stored as much as 523,000 gallons of champagne, or from thirteen to fourteen million bottles.

Real Kind of Man.

A man who is worth calling a man is not the man who tries to see how much he can get, but the man whose object is to see how much he can do without.

Electric
Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Battershall's Price Insurance

YOU ARE INSURED AGAINST HIGH PRICES FOR
MERCHANDISE IF YOU TRADE AT BATTERSHALL'S

GROCERIES

Ceresota Flour, 49 lb. sack.....	1.45	9 bars Swift's Pride Soap for.....	.25
21 lbs. Granulated Sugar, for.....	1.00	13 bars Calumet Family Soap for.....	.25
3 lbs. Oriole or Richelieu Raisins for.....	.25	2 pkgs. Cream of Wheat.....	.25
10 lbs. Buckwheat Flour for.....	.30	Grape Nuts pkg.....	.11
10 lbs. Corn Meal for.....	.20	3 qts. Cranberries for.....	.25
10 lbs. Graham Flour for.....	.30	Dutch Brand Coffee in cans.....	.25
4 No. 2 Lamp Chimneys for.....	.25	13 10-cent plugs J. T. tobacco for.....	1.00
7 bars Galvanic Soap for.....	.25	Sweet Cuba tobacco lb.....	.35

F. D. BATTERSHALL

General Merchandise

Grayslake, Illinois

Blooded Stock for
sale at prices and
on terms to suit all

Inspection is invited of a quantity of pedigreed breeding stock which is in excess of the requirements of Hawthorn Farm. The stock is registered and consists of Brown Swiss bull calves, Brown Swiss yearling bulls, Shorthorn yearling bulls and Berkshire and Duroc boars.

Hawthorn Farm

(ANDREW EFINGER, Supt.)

Libertyville, Illinois

Telephone Libertyville 2733

Post Office: R. F. D. No. 1, Prairie View, Ill.



GOVERNOR HARMON CUTS OUT FRILLS

Inaugural Program Subject of Badinage Between Republicans and Democrats.

WAR TALK IS POOH-POOED

Attributed to "Cockiness" of Japanese Officers—Change Wanted in Senate Rules to Expedite Business—Hughes Has No Presidential Be.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—Interest among Democrats and Republicans in Washington has been roused by the word from Ohio that Judson Harmon made arrangement that upon his reentry into the office of governor he would have no inaugural parade, no celebration and no inaugural address. The extreme simplicity of the governor's program not only has interested Republicans, but has made some of them smile and has caused them to vent a few intended-to-be humorous thrusts at their Democratic brethren.

The Republicans say that Mr. Harmon in going back to Jeffersonian simplicity is trying to make an appeal to the "common people" and that he feels this is necessary because as the Republicans put it, a good many people have an idea that Mr. Harmon is a man of that extreme conservative if not aristocratic type to which exception has been taken by thousands of voters of both parties in recent years.

The Democrats retort that the simplicity of Mr. Harmon's program is due to his nature and nothing else, and that the Republicans find in it something to talk about only because simplicity and lack of ostentation are such entirely novel things to the Republican party.

The Jefferson Legend.

The legend has it that Thomas Jefferson, prior to taking the oath of office as president of the United States, rode to the capitol on horse back, practically unattended, tied his horse to a fence rail, and then mounted the platform in an extremely democratic manner to take the oath of office.

Old guides at the capitol who have had stories handed down to them by other guides—and it takes only about three generations of them to go back to Jefferson's time—say that Jefferson did not hitch his horse to a fence rail, but to the limb of an elm tree which stood about one hundred feet southeast of the capitol. The guides further say that the elm tree which grows on the exact spot today is a "child" of the old elm. The guides' story has been transmitted to the men on the sight-seeing automobiles and the story of the "horse hitched to the fence" is rapidly being supplanted by the story of the "horse hitched to the tree."

Going back to the recent "war scare" and to the "confidential" report concerning the likelihood of a conflict with Japan, it may be said it is much more than likely that American army and navy officers derived their belief that trouble with Japan is a possibility of the future from what they call the attitude of "cockiness" which Japanese military service officers have displayed toward American officers ever since the Japanese-Russian war ended.

Japs Are Flippant.

American officers who have served in the east from time to time since the peace of Portsmouth say that Japanese soldiers and sailors of rank have treated them in a flippant and condescending way when they happen to meet. At first the Americans say that they set this manifested spirit down to a feeling of assurance and superiority which had come to the Orientals as the result of their success in sinking the Russian fleet and in winning battles on land. Finally the American officers found out that the Japanese were not treating officers of other services, in the way that the Americans were being treated, and so they came to the conclusion that Japan did not like America.

Officials in Washington when talking privately say that the Japanese school trouble in San Francisco and half a dozen other things have made the Japanese angry with Americans and that the masses of the Empire are perfectly willing to go to war, but that the officials have been holding them in check and probably will continue to hold them in check for a long time to come.

No one in Washington seemingly believes that war with Japan is a possibility of the near future. The Oriental Empire it is said is not in a financial condition to allow it to go to war, moreover while there has been a good amount of friction over very small matters in the past, belief here that matters will become smoother and smoother as the two countries eventually come to the plane of their relations.

Business Expedited. While some of the there is to secure modification to that, as they regulation is expedited, the last few who are try did not manage in the forced at not only faster,

but are in reality a handicap to progress.

It seems likely that the contest in the senate will go on for a long time before any change can be effected in the laws written or unwritten which govern procedure in that body. In the house the attempt of some of the Republicans to prove the inutility of new rules is said to be more for the purpose of show; the insurgent Republicans that they did not know what they were doing when they forced certain changes, than because of any real intention to try to get back to the old status. It will not be long before the Democrats will be in control of the house and the question of the rules will be of no particular Republican concern unless perchance some future insurgent Democrats should attempt to combine with the Republicans to do just what some insurgent Republicans by combination with the Democrats succeeded in doing at the last session.

Senate Moves Slowly.

The senate changes its methods slowly and only after long continued deliberation. "Senatorial courtesy" is pretty nearly as strong today as ever it was and there are certain things which are done not so much because a majority of the senate thinks they ought to be done, as because some senator makes personal appeal that it shall be done. This of course does not apply to matters of important legislation, but rather to such matters as getting bills which are of local interest to some senator, through the chamber with expedition. Senatorial courtesy also applies to appointments, and the senate is always loath to approve the nomination of a man if the senators from the nominee's state enter objection.

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court Charles E. Hughes has allowed himself to be quoted to the effect that he is without presidential ambitions. Recently it was told how some of the Progressive Republicans holding official office in the capital had come to the belief that Justice Hughes was the only man who could bring together the factions of the Republican party and thus put the organization in condition to make a strong fight in the next presidential campaign. This movement of support for Hughes has gathered considerable headway, but the supposition is that it must now be taken for granted that the justice is fixed to the bench until the retiring age comes to him. It is conceivable, however, that if there should be a united party demand in the future that he stand for the presidency he might reconsider his present determination.

When the newly appointed chief justice of the United States, Edward Douglass White, was sworn in as chief justice, the oath was administered by Associate Justice Harlan, who is the jurist longest in service on the Supreme bench. During the Civil war Chief Justice White and Associate Justice Harlan met in battle, White on the southern side and Harlan on the northern side.

Captain Sims Must Explain.

A word of explanation is still awaited by the navy department from Capt. William S. Sims of the European fleet, who made an after dinner speech in England to which exception has been taken by the officials who fear that the nature of the speech will offend the continental powers. The sailor speaker said something about America being willing to join forces with Great Britain in case any foe should threaten the English-speaking race.

Soldiers, sailors and civil officials of the United States government time and again have said things in speeches or have set down things in writing which later came back to cause them trouble. It has been declared with an attempt at humor that so far as after dinner speeches are concerned "the spirit of the occasion" was responsible. This is a polite way of saying that the enthusiasm and lack of restraint of the speaker were in part due to something outside what may be called exactly natural causes. There is apt to be a popping of corks at banquets.

"Sober-Sided" Officer.

It is not likely that Captain Sims of the navy overstepped the bounds of propriety at the banquet, for he is known as a sober minded and "sober-sided" officer, but nevertheless he will have some explaining to do. It is not likely, however, that this old sailor will be made to walk the plank, though it is possible he may be admonished in fairly sharp terms by the admiral of the fleet, who may be directed to the admonishing duty by the secretary of the navy.

The case of Admiral Coghlan, who did not long ago, probably will be recalled quickly in this connection. It was Admiral Coghlan who as a commander was with Dewey at the battle of Manila. There he won fame and promotion. Probably no one has forgotten Sailor Coghlan's recital of the poem in which the German emperor was lampooned pretty severely. The sailor recited the poem at a dinner in New York and instantly there was trouble.

The poem which the admiral gave to his fellow banqueters with all the force of his voice was capable, sent the diners into a delirium of laughter and enthusiasm, and the sound of the laughter went round the world. It is said that Kaiser Wilhelm laughed as loud and as heartily as anybody else and so it is possible that it was his manifestation of the possession of a sense of humor which saved the American sailor from getting any punishment harder than a mild reproof, which came in the form of a request that he go in peace and sail no more.

One From the Cashier.

The harmless customer leaned across the clear counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register. "If money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump." Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bust himself."

"Why did he laugh, Tillie?"

"I dunno."

"What did you tell him?"

"Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."

"I banged de doab, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'—Lippincott's Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a pow'ful good whitewasher, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"

—Mack's National Monthly.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot And with the optimists agree That trouble's soon forgot,

You'll be surprised to find, I guess, Despite misfortune's darts, What constant springs of happiness Lie hid in human hearts;

What sunny gleams and golden dreams The passing years unfold, How soft and warm the lovelight beams When you are growing old.

Acted Like the Genuine.

"The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman."

"Bogus, I'll bet."

"Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."

More Human Nature.

Grouchily—By denying myself three ten-cent cigars daily for the past 20 years I figure that I have saved \$2,100.

Moxley—Is that so?

Grouchily—Yes. Say, let me have a chew of your tobacco, will you?

Thanks to Burnt Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

No Slang for Her.

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunbathers!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man.

"Eggs up," the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecelle Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization, the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the press pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

How She Learned.

The mother of a family of three small children was discussing their comparative precocity with a friend. "John was very slow at everything," she said, referring to her oldest. "Tom was a little better, and Edith, the baby, is the smartest of all. She picks up everything quick as can be."

Master John, who had been listening, now contributed his share of the conversation.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know why he learns so quick. It's 'cause her has us and we didn't have us."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Hard on the Mare.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure, Ol'm desavin th' crature. Every toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and, although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested."

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'I want to see the man who was run over.' 'No, hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

A Retraction.

"You shouldn't have called that man a pig," said the conciliatory man. "That's right," replied the vindictive person. "There is no sense in implying that he's worth 40 cents a pound to anybody."

Blissful Ignorance.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton; "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

Economy in Art.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Home Thought.

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!"

"Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Our Voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceeded to eat apples and hand round daguerotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 6.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fog because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, &c., &c., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyloric, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

BRISTOL

F. O. Eddy of Zion City spent Sunday at the parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bishop of Kenosha spent Xmas with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Rowbottom of Chicago ate Xmas dinner with the latter's parents.

G. H. Shields and family Ray, Shields and family, spent Xmas at John Gardner's in Chicago.

Mrs. C. B. Gaines enjoyed a visit from her nephew from Colorado the past week.

Miss Rosa Zaun who is attending a business college at Milwaukee is spending the holidays at home.

Miss Florence Murdock who is attending school at Oshkosh is spending the holidays with her parents.

Chas. Gunter filled his ice house Tuesday and Wednesday from Lake George getting eleven inch ice.

Miss Jessie Shumway spent the forepart of the week at her sisters and family Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Foulke.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bacon were royally entertained over Xmas by the daughter and family B. Benson at Genoa Jct.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Larabee are moving to the Rill farm this week where the former will act as foreman the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bottley and children were over Xmas visitors at the former's sisters and family Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Merrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schattler entertained to Xmas dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barlow and family of Harvard Mr. and Mrs. James Hayworth of Kenosha, their daughter Anna and Eugene Routner of Genoa Jct.

Prosperous Outlook.

"Since beln' in the city," the Billville man wrote to his home folks: "I have been hit by three automobiles and of my lawyer tells me true, I'll get enough money in damages to fete the whole family for a good long stay; an' ef the balance of you kin continue to git run over we'll be able to buy a big farm an' live happy ever afterward."—Atlanta Constitution.

MILLBURN

Happy New Year.

Miss Helen Safford of Wheaton College is home for the holidays.

Miss Inez Pollock of Chicago spent Sunday and Monday with her mother.

Misses Anderson and Shaw of Lake Forest spent Christmas with Mrs. Geo. Strang.

Miss Alice Jamieson of Berwyn spent Xmas with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jamieson.

The Misses Margaret and Bertha White and Geo. White spent Monday at the home of the Denmans.

Mr. and Mrs. Thom and children ate Christmas dinner with the home folks of Libertyville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bonner and family spent Christmas with relatives in Russell.

Mrs. Ralph Wheaton and son of Wheaton Ill., is spending the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Safford.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mitchell and children of Waukegan spent Xmas with the home folk, also Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hughes of Chicago.

Mrs. Julia M. Way of Chicago in the interest of the Illinois children's home and aid society called on children in this vicinity the past week.

Clarence Wedge had his gasoline engine smashed while sawing wood, a defective rod the cause. He will get a new engine and soon be ready for work.

Miss Maud Cleveland of Rochester Academy is spending her vacation at home. Miss Pearl Cleveland who teaches at Big Hollow is also home for her vacation.

Mr. Simeon Ames and Miss Gladys Stewart will be married Tuesday evening Dec. 27, at the home of the brides mother Mrs. Pete Stewart at Grunee. Mr. Ames is one of Millburn's best young men, son of Charles Ames. We all join in wishing them much joy.

Keep It to Yourself.
"Borrow trouble for yourself, if that's your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbors."—"Rewards and Fairies," by Rudyard Kipling.

RUSSELL

Miss Ada Newell called on Russell friends Monday.

Miss Sara Browe visited at her home in Wadsworth on Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Corris, and Miss Annie and Ella Carlson; spent Christmas with their parents of this place.

Miss Susie and Mabelle Lux of Wadsworth were entertained at the home of Wm. Murray on Monday.

Mrs. E. P. Sivar entertained her mother and sister of Waukegan over Christmas.

Morton Murray, Leroy and Charles Alcock and Claude Nellis spent their holidays with their parents.

The Christmas entertainment given at the church was very well attended, and all enjoyed the programme.

Mrs. G. P. McNamara entertained her mother and father from Grayslake, and brother from Antioch over Christmas.

The many friends of Mr. Bennie Hogan of Waukegan are very sorry to hear of his serious illness and hope for his recovery.

There will be a "Watch meeting" held at the Russell church on "New Years" eve all are invited to attend, a good supper will be served.

Mr. T. D. Newell, Dr. Jamieson, and Miss Stella Shea, accompanied, Mrs. T. D. Newell to Chicago, where she expects to take treatments in the future. Her many friends extend best wishes.

HICKORY

H. M. Mann returned home Monday. School closed Friday for a week's vacation.

Miss Eva Edwards of Waukegan was home over Christmas.

Mrs. E. A. Mann and Josie spent the week at Austin Savage's.

Mr. Owey Hollenbeck spent Christmas in Chicago with his wife.

Mr. Harold Winker of Madison Wis., spent the holidays at Cris Van Pattens.

The Christmas entertainment at the church Friday evening was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Savage and family ate Christmas dinner at Wilson King's on Monday.

DRINKS IN HISTORY

IMPORTANT PARTS PLAYED BY GOBLET OF LIQUOR.

Sir Phillip Sidney and the Dying Soldier—Tragic Part of Cup of Wine in Murder of Edward the Martyr.

The proposal of the Dutch to erect at Zutphen a statue to Sir Phillip Sidney recalls to a London writer the world-famed episode of the dying soldier, with which his death is inseparably connected. It occurred when that Paladin, on September 22, 1586, received his death wound before the walls of Zutphen. Parched with thirst, he called for a drink. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth his eyes fell upon a desperately wounded soldier, who, as he was being carried past, threw him longing glances, "which Sir Phillip perceived, took the bottle from his lips before he drank, and delivered to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

In the murder of Edward the Martyr, in 979, a cup of wine played a tragic part. Wearied with his hunting the young monarch was persuaded to seek refreshment at Corfe castle, in Dorsetshire, the abode of his step-mother, the widowed Queen Elfrida. Upon his entrance she greeted him with a kiss, and then, as he resisted her invitation to dismount, brought from the castle a goblet of wine. Even as the king raised his goblet, one of her retainers drew his dagger and, with fatal effect, plunged it into his neck.

During the naval engagement at San Juan the Jesus, which was under the command of Sir John Hawkins, was attacked by almost overwhelming odds. Both by word and deed did the admiral encourage his men, and once when their spirits seemed to flag, he bade his page fetch him a cup of beer. This was brought to him in a silver goblet, out of which he drank to his crew, "willing the gunners stand by their ordinance like men." Scarce had he finished the draught and held the cup aside when it was struck by a ball from one of the Spaniards' ships and carried away.

Every June the quaint old town of Rothenburg celebrates by a costume festival, which goes by the name of "Meister-Drank," the mighty feat of a former town councillor who, in 1631, saved the town from destruction. In that year Rothenburg fell before the arms of the savage Tilly, who at the head of his forces entered the vanquished town, where at the town hall he gave orders for the execution of the civic magistrates. Before, however, the doomed men were led forth to the scaffold, the Burgomaster's daughter presented herself, bearing an immense flagon of wine, out of which the conqueror drank and passed it round to his officers.

All quenched their thirst, and yet the flagon was only but half empty. Seeing this the fair Hebe remarked that one of the councillors present was able to empty the stoup at a draught. "If such be the case," cried Tilly, turning to the condemned magistrates, "I will pardon you all for the drinker's sake. Fill the flagon to the brim."

This was done, and then one of the city's magistrates, stepping forward, seized the vessel, raised it to his lips, and neither drew breath nor set it down until he had quaffed its contents to the last drop. Then only did he reverse the flagon in proof that the feat had been accomplished. Tilly kept his word, and every year, in commemoration of their deliverance, do the citizens of Rothenburg enact over again this famous event in their town's history.

Oblivion Is Right on the Job.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Leo has experienced woe in a library. Writes he: "I fell to thinking the other day, when I had slipped into the Forbes Library, that all the documents that we produce nowadays are being saved as they never have been saved before. I fell to thinking for a second, as I stood there just where the echo is, by the door, of what it all meant. I thought of a Springfield Republican 4,000 years old. I was oppressed. Former ages may not have been clever, but they did manage in one way and another to have fair and reasonable conveniences for forgetting. And I thought of my own innocent woolly-lamb works, of the people ten years away, perchance, who would be struggling with them, and it came to me mercifully that oblivion would be attended to, that it could be depended upon sometime."

So it came, and Mr. Leo may cheer up. Not all the wood pulp is consumed as breakfast food. Most of it goes to make paper. Owing to its extreme lack of durability, it may be said to promise oblivion by the carload, expressage paid. Don't write for posterity. Wood pulp paper won't last. Imitate Charles Lamb, who said, "Hang the age. I'll write for antiquity!"—Boston Transcript.

The Reproof.

It was in the midst of the football season, and the students of Professor Blank's class, well aware that their lesson had been neglected, were prepared for reproof, but not for just the way in which it came.

At the end of the hour he slammed down his book on the desk and exclaimed:

"Well, that's the worst recitation I ever listened to! Why, I've actually done nine-tenths of it myself!"

WALL STREET A LONG STREET

Influence of Great Financial Center is Felt Everywhere in America.

I speak imaginatively, of course, but carefully, says Lincoln Steffens in Everybody's. Wall street is not merely a street; neither is it a local financial district limited to the operation of any one city. Wall street is a national institution. It is to American business what Washington, D. C., is to national politics—the seat of government. And so I use the phrase, as all the world uses it and as we all use "Washington," figuratively.

By "Wall street" I mean the national American financial system which, having its capital in New York, ramifies all over the United States, and, controlling more and more perfectly money and credit, is governing more and more completely not only the machinery of organized business, but so much of our political government as big business governs.

Nor is that all. "Wall street" cut a woman in New York society not long ago for business reasons. It admitted into the "best set" of San Francisco, for the "moral effect," a family that had knocked in vain until the head of it was "handed down in a swell list of indictments." It has had clergymen silenced, editors discharged, professors dismissed, judges appointed, United States senators defeated and presidents elected. Organized capital opposes organized labor and trusts have broken up unions, but organized business backs nearly every political organization in power in cities, states and the United States. People don't realize—it seems to me that Wall men fall themselves to visualize—either the pettiness or the largeness of Wall street. Yet we all know that capitalists and business men who belong to the business system own an influential part of the press and advertise in the rest; they retain the leaders of the bar and awe the who profession; they are the greatest employers of labor and they set the pace for others; they are the chief patrons of art, churches, charities and colleges. They dominate the institutions of American society in a broad sense and in a narrow sense they and their families are "society."

I am not finding fault. This thing may be good. I am inclined to think it is. Certainly there is great good in it and undoubtedly some good will come out of it. But it is too big to prejudice and we have had enough both of hatred and adoration of it. My purpose is, if possible, to measure its power and imagine its outline; to trace its ramifications, describe its methods, get hold of its point of view and so comprehend it, not in technical detail, but as one mighty whole.

Didn't Cook 'Em Right.

"Of all the tasteless, mussy, mud-soaked, greasy fish in the world, the German carp is the worst!" ejaculated one of the piscatorial enthusiasts seated about a tavern fire.

"They are all right if cooked right," disputed another follower of izank.

"Cooked right! Great leaping tarpons! I've et 'em fried in the choicest Jersey butter, broiled with the best country bacon, baked with mountain sage dressing, and toasted on a spruce fork over a camp fire, and I tell you I never bit into a carp when it tasted like anything fit to eat."

"Now, the only way to cook a carp," continued the man with the recipe, "is to clean a nice five-pounder carefully, slash it several times crosswise, and insert bits of salt pork. Season the whole with melted butter, sprinkle it with pepper and salt, and stuff with onion dressing. Then cut a hemlock board two feet long, two inches thick, and ten inches wide. Lay the fish on this and insert in a red hot oven. Let the fish bake for 30 minutes; then take it out and turn it over. Baste with butter and return to the oven. After 20 minutes take it out carefully, throw the fish away and eat the board."

Wiles of the Fox.

A chap tells Tip of another fox story that is much harder to believe. His chained pet fox kept catching the neighbors' chickens, so he set himself in hiding to see how Reynard did the trick. When the fox was fed, instead of eating the grub, he would nose and shove it just short of the length of his chain, then he would retire himself into the hiding of his lair or kennel. Pleasantly a bunch of silly chickens would come along and get busy, and Brer Fox had fresh, raw, juicy chicken for dinner, instead of the cold, cooked, human putty grub shoved at him with a stick. Although this is the day of dirty, petty, foxy tricks, all life is not a game of chickens and fox. Once in a while there is power and a hero behind the people's pious wishes and prayers. When that happens the villain goes up Salt river fishing, or to the pen.

Lemonade, Best of Drinks.

Lemonade from the juice of fresh fruit is one of the best and safest drinks for any one, whether in health or not. It is useful for most stomach diseases, gravel, liver complaint and fever. It is a specific against skin diseases, being one of the best antiseptics known. If the gums are rubbed daily with a little lemon juice it keeps them in good condition, and used for the hands once a day in washing it makes the skin soft and smooth and removes dirty stains. It is good for a cold if taken in hot water on going to bed, and in intermittent fevers it has been found useful when mixed with hot black coffee without sugar.

TROLLEY CRASH ON C. & M. ELECTRIC PROVES FATAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

spans of broken trolley wire and due to the earliness of the hour is said not to have displayed the usual signal lights. The passenger car had speeded up in order to make the up grade from the North Chicago subway. The line car crew did not perceive the passenger car until Lineman Charles Jahnke yelled a warning, too late. Motorman Benjamin Hogan of the passenger car did not see the line car until too late, but applied the brakes and did his best to slow the passenger car to safety.

Nevertheless the cars came together in a light crash, just hard enough to lock them and overturn the stoves within them setting fire to both.

The passenger car was crowded with men, women and children. On the front platform were Motorman Ben Hogan of Waukegan and W. P. Bersch and children, Constance, Ernest and Florence. Hogan was fatally injured, both legs being broken, while he sustained severe internal injuries in addition to injuries about the head and arms. Bersch and the three children were quite severely injured, but suffered mostly from shock.

The passengers and crew of both cars were taken from the cars in time to avert being burned in the fire, but all that is left of the cars is a mass of twisted iron and trucks.

The disaster is the largest that has ever taken place on a trolley line in this part of the country and created a sensation along the north shore.

How We Gain Most.

We gain most not by dwelling on the weak points of our rivals, but by studying their strong points.

Want To Help Some One.

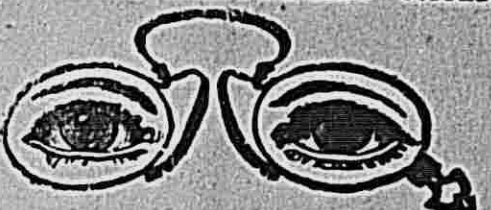
For thirty years J. F. Boyer, of Fertile, Mo., needed help and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help some one now. Suffering so long himself he feels for distress from backache, nervousness, loss of appetite, lassitude and kidney disorders. He shows that electric bitters work wonders for such troubles. "Five bottles," he writes, "wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty." It's also positively guaranteed for liver trouble, dyspepsia, blood disorders, female complaints and Malaria, try them. 50c. at J. H. Swan.

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